

By James Reed.

Independent in all things.

ASHTABULA, O., SATURDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 15, 1860.

WHOLE NUMBER 560.

VOLUME XI. NO. 37.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Two Dollars per annum, in advance.

ADVERTISING.

One square three lines, 10 cents per week.

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GEORGE HALL, Dealer in Piano Fortes, and

Musical Instruments, 101 North Main Street,

Ashtabula, Ohio.

Books.

M. G. DICK, Bookkeeper, Stationer and News

Dealer, 101 North Main Street, Ashtabula,

Ohio.

J. E. CHAPMAN, Dealer in Musical Merchandise,

101 North Main Street, Ashtabula, Ohio.

Furniture.

DUCRO & BROTHERS, Manufacturers of a

variety of Furniture, 101 North Main Street,

Ashtabula, Ohio.

LINUS SAVAGE, Furniture Dealer and Man-

ufacturer, 101 North Main Street, Ashtabula,

Ohio.

Livery.

A. BLACKLEY—Livery and Sale Stable, in

connection with the Ashtabula Hotel, 101

North Main Street, Ashtabula, Ohio.

Miscellaneous.

D. S. WILLIAMS, Wholesale Dealer in Straw

Baskets, 101 North Main Street, Ashtabula,

Ohio.

SAMUEL HUMPHREY is now offering for

sale, at his store, 101 North Main Street,

Ashtabula, Ohio.

G. V. RISCOE, Dealer in Cattle, Horses, and

Carriages, 101 North Main Street, Ashtabula,

Ohio.

TELEGRAPH OFFICE—Western Union

Office, 101 North Main Street, Ashtabula,

Ohio.

A. RAYMOND—Dealer in Fruit and Orna-

mental Trees, 101 North Main Street, Ashtabula,

Ohio.

W. R. ALLEN—Book Binder—Books and

Stationery, 101 North Main Street, Ashtabula,

Ohio.

WILLARD & REEVES—Dealers in Italian

Marble, 101 North Main Street, Ashtabula,

Ohio.

EMORY LUCE, Dealer in Sweet Potato, and

other Produce, 101 North Main Street, Ashtabula,

Ohio.

LIME—I shall sell Lime at the Harbor for

25 cents per ton, 101 North Main Street, Ashtabula,

Ohio.

TIME TABLE OF THE

CLEVELAND & ERIE RAILROAD.

Passenger Trains will run as follows:

GOING EAST.

MAIL, C. & E. R. R. 101 North Main Street, Ashtabula,

Ohio.

GOING WEST.

MAIL, C. & E. R. R. 101 North Main Street, Ashtabula,

Ohio.

GOING EAST.

MAIL, C. & E. R. R. 101 North Main Street, Ashtabula,

Ohio.

GOING WEST.

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The Ascent of St. Peter's.

BY REV. HENRY BUCHER TOWNE.

We have just returned from the ascent

of St. Peter's. We had been waiting two

weeks for just the right morning, and to-

day, at seven o'clock, seeing the old yellow

made all a glow, we took our measures

accordingly, as the ascent must be

made before eleven o'clock in the day.

No morning could be more perfect than

this. And as we drove in the piled car of

St. Peter's, its fountains seemed like

satin clouds rising in the air. This court

is the most harmonious thing in the world.

Its wide arched arms seem outstretched as

if to embrace all mankind; and every time

one sees it, it gains on one by a secret, in-

resistible power. It is more perfect of its

kind than even the church itself.

The way into the dome is up a gradual

winding slope, which brings you upon the

roof—a most magnificent promenade plat-

form. These church-roofs of St. Peter's, Mil-

an, and Rome remain one of the old

stories of the hanging gardens of Babylon,

whence one looked down on kingdoms

spread out like a map below. But we did

not stay long, but climbed the winding

stairway that brought us into the gallery

within the dome. Here first, I think, I

felt acquainted with Michael Angelo. Be-

fore, I had seen him, as one sees from the

outside a vain, burlesque, odd fellow—who

seems to you always diverging into extra-

vagances, and transcending your power of

sympathy. You see the creature is of a

superior order—that he has something in

him that he is struggling to get out and

make effective, but you get no rapport with

him. It was not till I found myself trem-
bling and shivering with a feeling as if the

iron railing on which I stood was like a

colubine, and myself and all my party like

summer flies thereon—while the great dome

above and the blue, dizzy, dreamy distance

below seemed to become a vast and solemn

power, which shook one with a sense of

awe, such as one feels at Niagara or Mount

Blanc. It was a firmament of architecture,

bending its vast harmonious arch above,

studded thick with golden stars, with solemn

forms of angel, saint, evangelist, and

martyr. Far, far below, we could trace

dimly the mosaic of the splendid floors,

and see the priests gazing their solemn

robes over the floor, and from one of the

chambers the sound of chanting swelled

dimly up—singing and the distant and

breathings of some mighty soul that dwelt

in and vitalized this exalted temple.

Strange, we thought, that a man could have

power to conceive and execute what makes

man so insignificant! One feels fading

away and losing consciousness in this sense

of vastness, and still one is fascinated with

the great loveliness of the whole.

This, then, and such as this, was what

the artist would do; and because his soul

was always expanding to such breadths and

such heights it is that his fragmentary works

scattered here and there have such an air

of extravagance. They are aerolites fallen

into our daily sphere out of some higher

region of conception, and we have nothing

by which to measure or judge them—they

are a world of their own to dwell in—and

seen in this way, they might come to their

true proportions. We cannot come from the

point of view of the artist, and pricing jewelry

at Costellani, in an easy summer morning

attitude of mind, to turn our eyes to the

roof of the Sistine Chapel. Of the crowd

who do, the majority, if they spoke their

thoughts, would say it was a horrible old

goblin thing, full of savage images, not

worth the trouble of deciphering.

To see and to feel it aright, one should

first get the measure of St. Peter's—get

one's soul widened to its breadth and height

—one should come alone, without a party

to divert one's thought, and walk up

and down through the aisles below—in

distances so great that the chanting in the

chapel sounds faint and far off like a voice

crying in the wilderness. Then, according